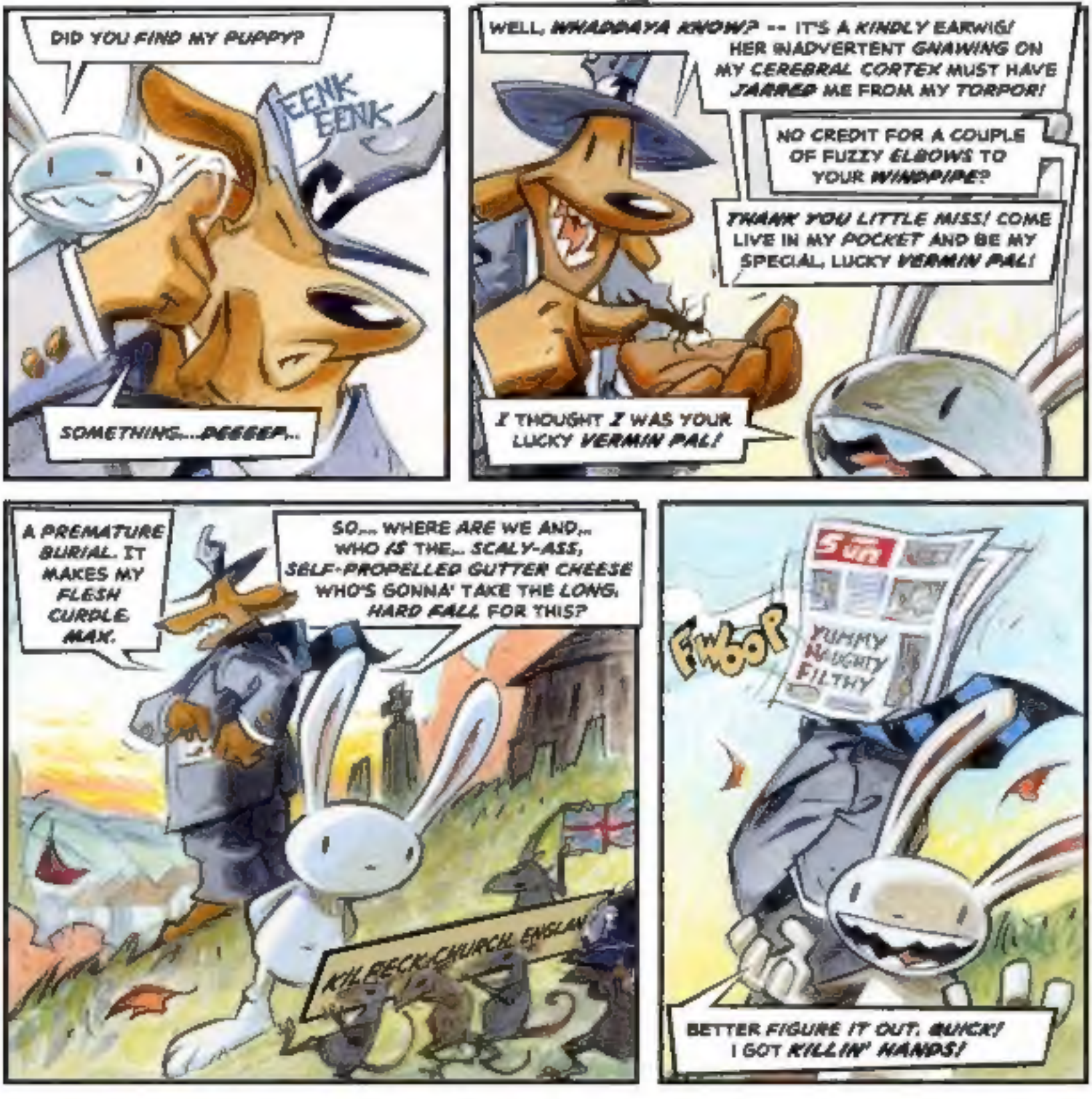
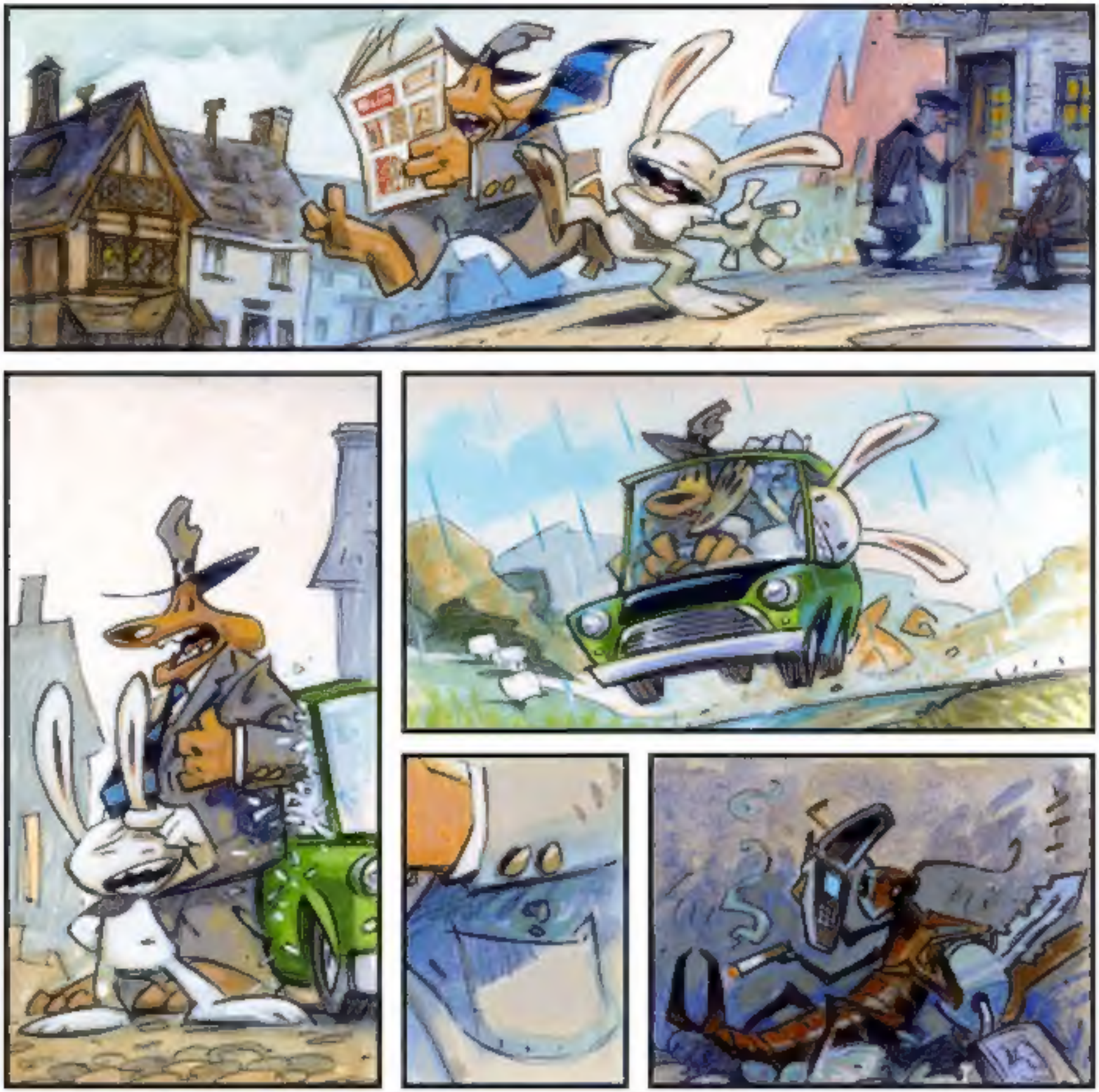
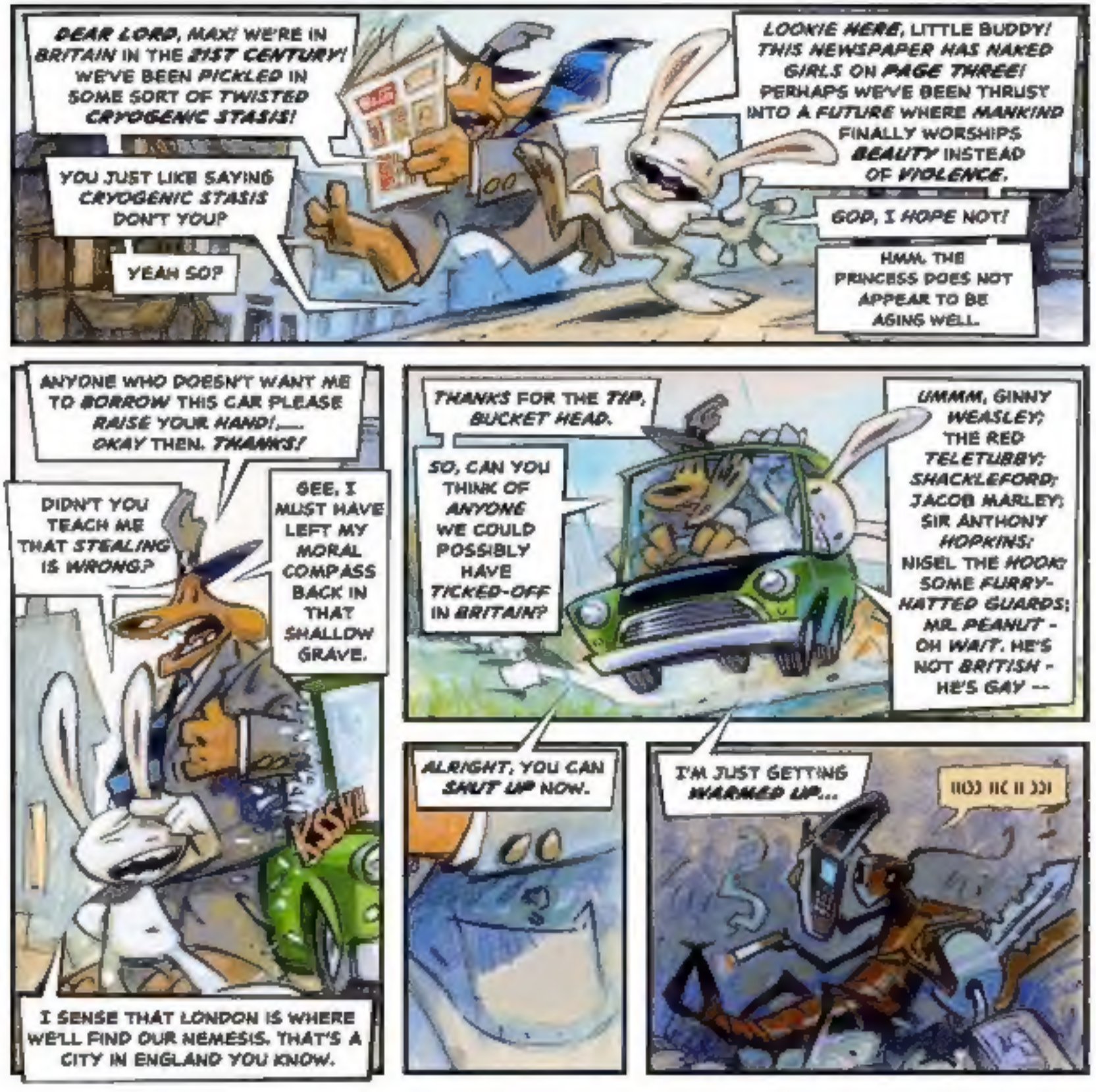
KILPECK CHURCH, ENGLAND...
!
PHLOOF!

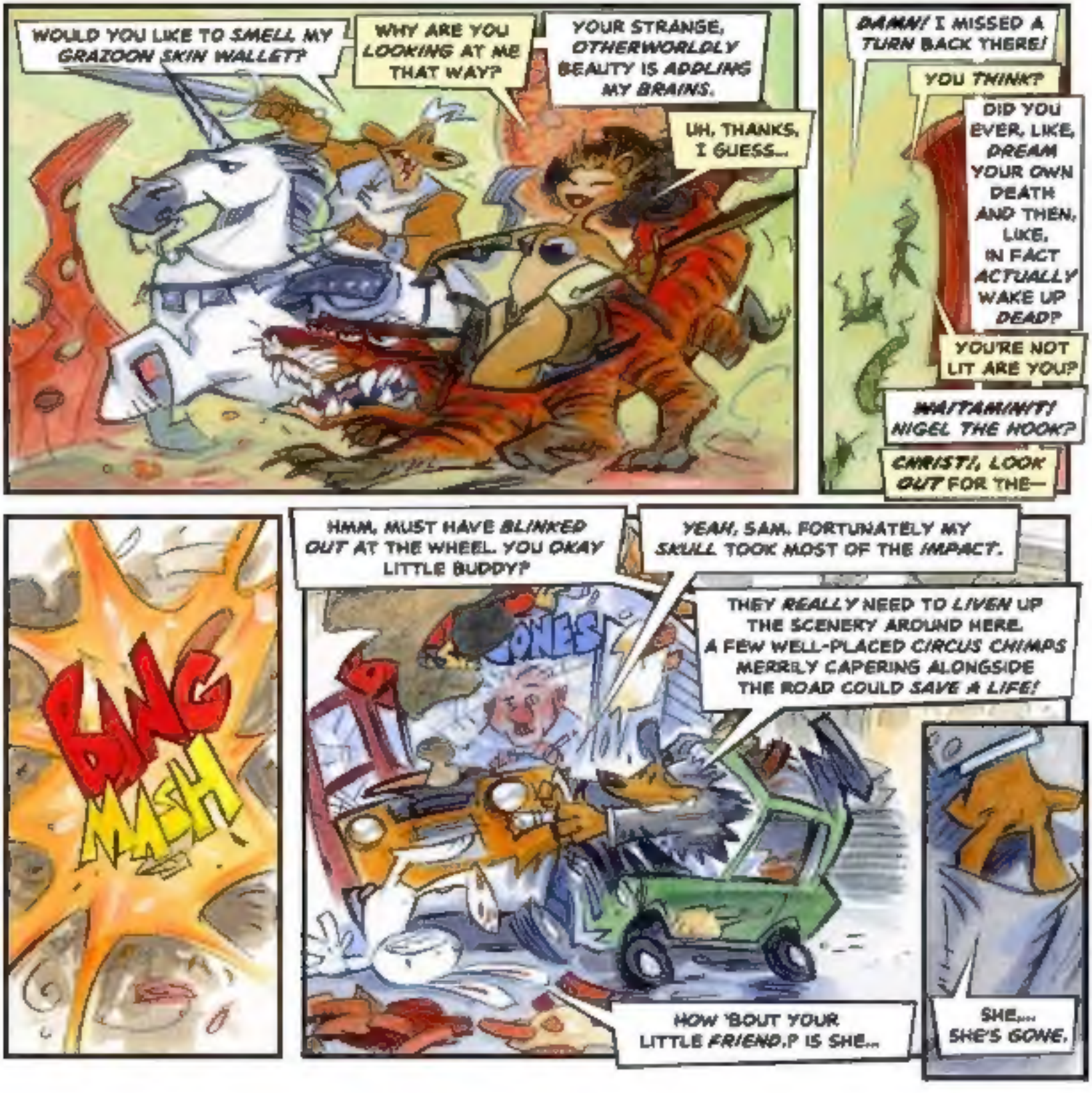
NNNNGGH
KAK
COF COF
COME ON, SAM! ATTABOY, BIG FELLA! LIVE! LIZIVVVE!
WHEW, NOTHING LIKE A DIRT NAP TO MAKE ONE APPRECIATE LUNGS FULL OF CRISP MORNING AIR...THE EARTHY MUSK OF WILDLY CAVORTING HONEY BEES,...THE COMFORTING PLINKETY, PLINK PLINK OF MY OWN GENTLY AWAKENING NEURONS...
THAT'S FUNNY -- MY NEURONS ALWAYS SOUND LIKE A FORK IN A GARBAGE DISPOSAL.
GAAAAAAAHH
JEEZ, SAM. WHAT IN THE HELL'S EATING YOU?
...SAM...?
SAM!--

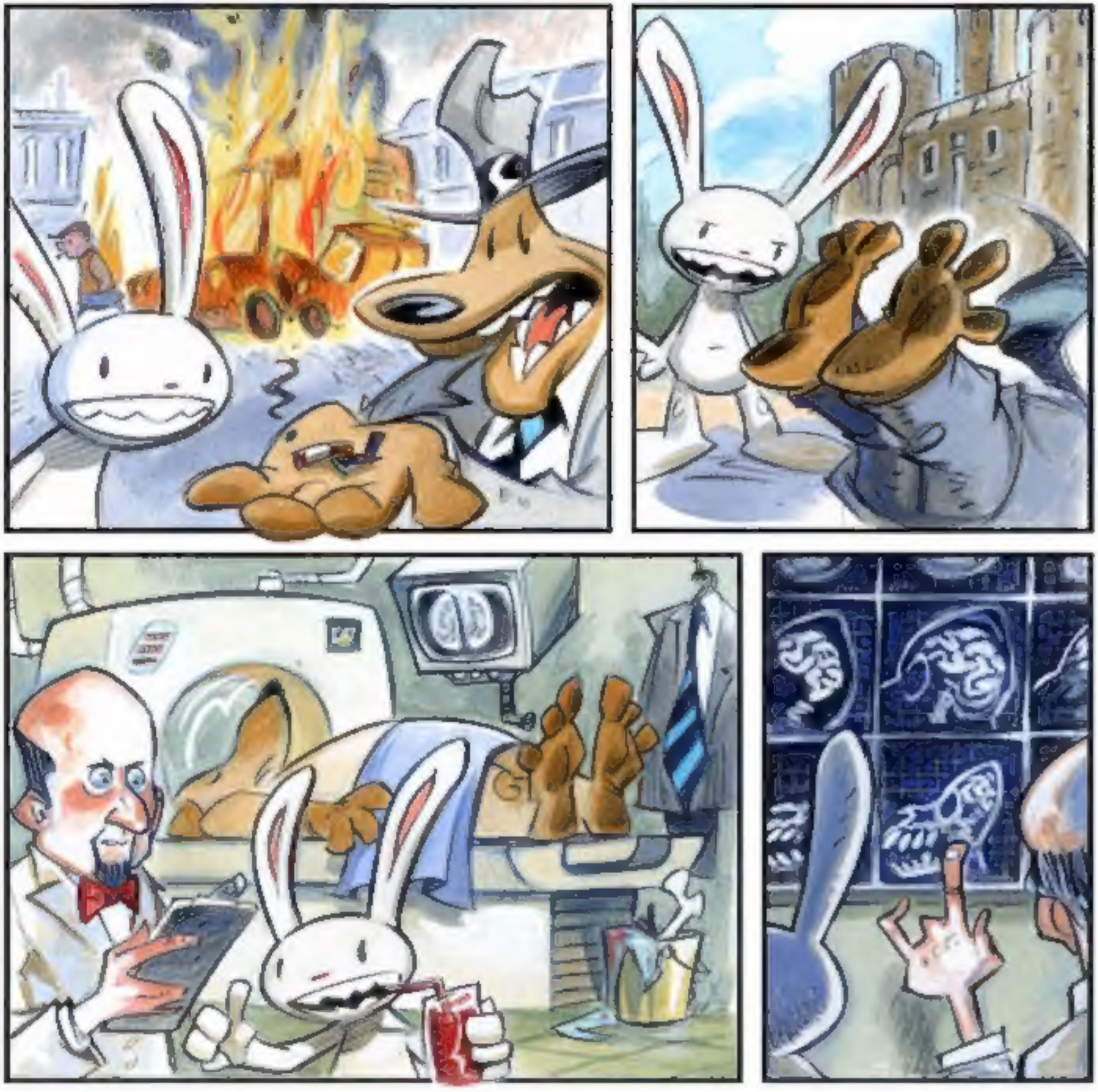
Sun
YUMMY
N
UGHTY
FILTHY
KILLBECK CHURCH, ENGLAN

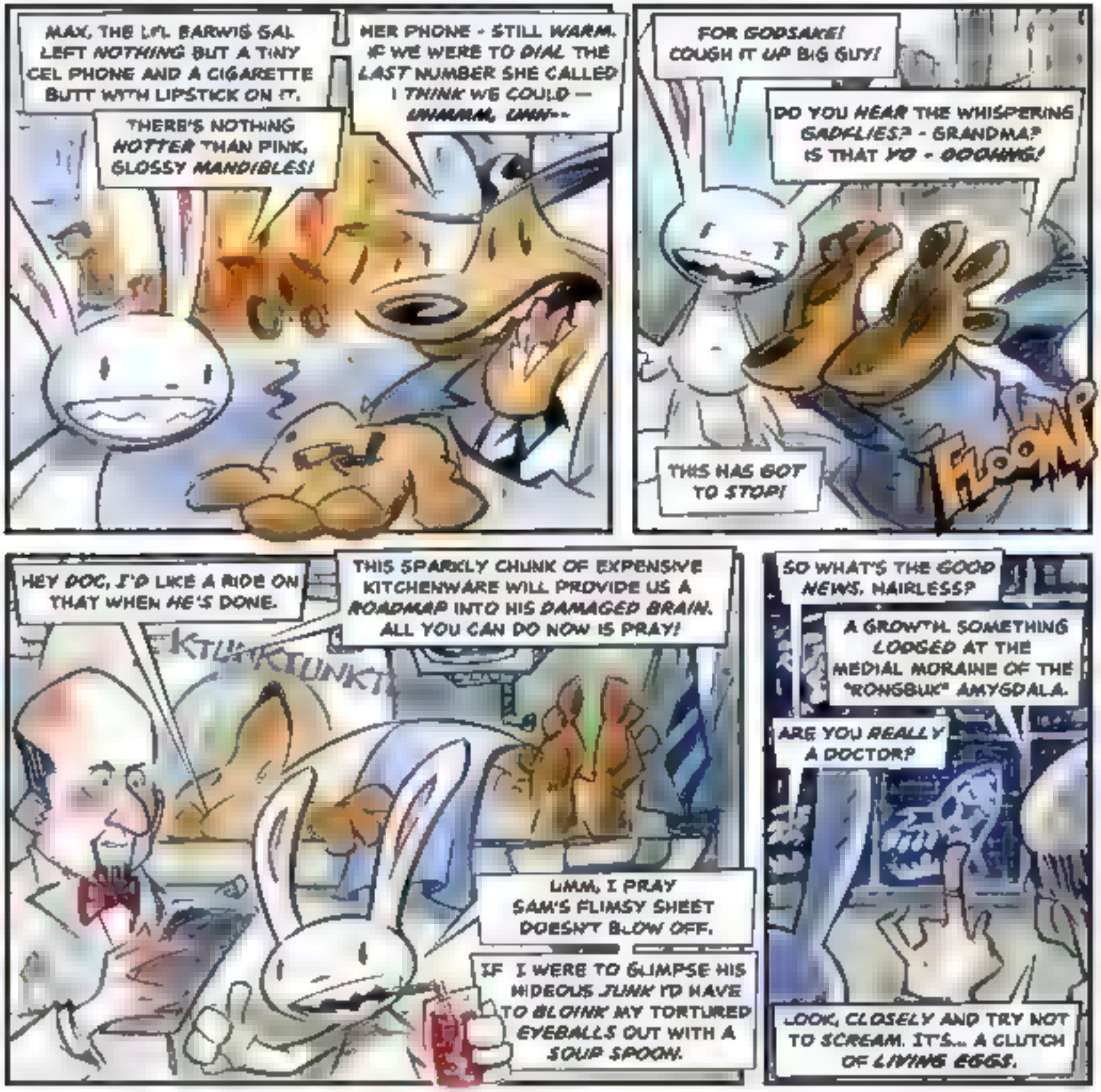

DID YOU FIND MY PUPPY?
EENK EENK
SOMETHING...PEEEEP...
WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW? -- IT'S A KINDLY EARWIG! HER INADVERTENT GNAWING ON MY CEREBRAL CORTEX MUST HAVE JARRED ME FROM MY TORPOR!
NO CREDIT FOR A COUPLE OF FUZZY ELBOWS TO YOUR WINDPIPE?
THANK YOU LITTLE MISS! COME LIVE IN MY POCKET AND BE MY SPECIAL, LUCKY VERMIN PAL!
I THOUGHT I WAS YOUR LUCKY VERMIN PAL!
A PREMATURE BURIAL. IT MAKES MY FLESH CURDLE. MAX.
SO... WHERE ARE WE AND... WHO IS THE... SCALY-ASS, SELF-PROPELLED GUTTER CHEESE WHO'S GONNA' TAKE THE LONG, HARD FALL FOR THIS?
KILLBECK-CHURCH, ENGLAN
FWOOP
Sun
YUMMY NAUGHTY FILTHY
BETTER FIGURE IT OUT, QUICK! I GOT KILLIN' HANDS!

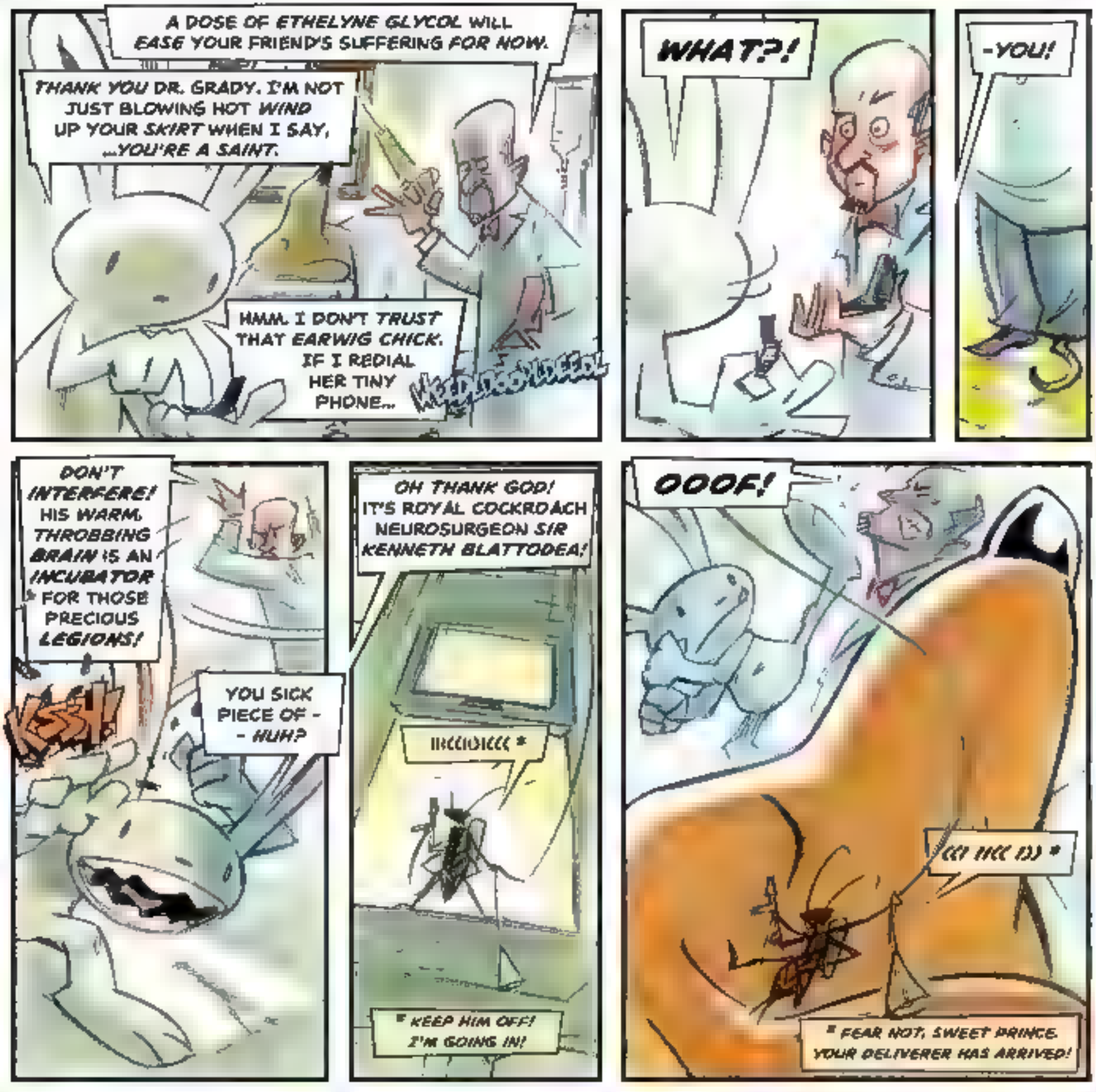



DEAR LORD, MAX! WE'RE IN BRITAIN IN THE 21ST CENTURY! WE'VE BEEN PICKLED IN SOME SORT OF TWISTED CRYOGENIC STASIS!
YOU JUST LIKE SAYING CRYOGENIC STASIS DON'T YOU?
YEAH SO?
LOOKIE HERE, LITTLE BUDDY! THIS NEWSPAPER HAS NAKED GIRLS ON PAGE THREE! PERHAPS WE'VE BEEN THRUST INTO A FUTURE WHERE MANKIND FINALLY WORSHIPS BEAUTY INSTEAD OF VIOLENCE.
GOD, I HOPE NOT!
HMM. THE PRINCESS DOES NOT APPEAR TO BE AGING WELL.
ANYONE WHO DOESN'T WANT ME TO BORROW THIS CAR PLEASE RAISE YOUR HAND!... OKAY THEN. THANKS!
DIDN'T YOU TEACH ME THAT STEALING IS WRONG?
GEE, I MUST HAVE LEFT MY MORAL COMPASS BACK IN THAT SHALLOW GRAVE.
KISS!!!
I SENSE THAT LONDON IS WHERE WE'LL FIND OUR NEMESIS. THAT'S A CITY IN ENGLAND YOU KNOW.
THANKS FOR THE TIP, BUCKET HEAD.
SO, CAN YOU THINK OF ANYONE WE COULD POSSIBLY HAVE TICKED-OFF IN BRITAIN?
UMMM, GINNY WEASLEY; THE RED TELETUBBY; SHACKLEFORD; JACOB MARLEY; SIR ANTHONY HOPKINS; NIGEL THE MOOK; SOME FURRY-HATTED GUARDS; MR. PEANUT - OH WAIT. HE'S NOT BRITISH - HE'S GAY --
ALRIGHT, YOU CAN SHUT UP NOW.
I'M JUST GETTING WARMED UP...
HOO HA HA HA!


WOULD YOU LIKE TO SMELL MY GRAZOON SKIN WALLET?
WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME THAT WAY?
YOUR STRANGE, OTHERWORLDLY BEAUTY IS ADDLING MY BRAINS.
UH, THANKS, I GUESS...
DAMN! I MISSED A TURN BACK THERE!
YOU THINK?
DID YOU EVER, LIKE, DREAM YOUR OWN DEATH AND THEN, LIKE, IN FACT ACTUALLY WAKE UP DEAD?
YOU'RE NOT LIT ARE YOU?
WAITAMINIT! NIGEL THE HOOK?
CHRIST!, LOOK OUT FOR THE—
BANG
SMASH
HMM, MUST HAVE BLINKED OUT AT THE WHEEL. YOU OKAY LITTLE BUDDY?
YEAH, SAM. FORTUNATELY MY SKULL TOOK MOST OF THE IMPACT.
THEY REALLY NEED TO LIVEN UP THE SCENERY AROUND HERE. A FEW WELL-PLACED CIRCUS CHIMPS MERRILY CAPERING ALONGSIDE THE ROAD COULD SAVE A LIFE!
HOW 'BOUT YOUR LITTLE FRIEND,? IS SHE...
SHE... SHE'S GONE.

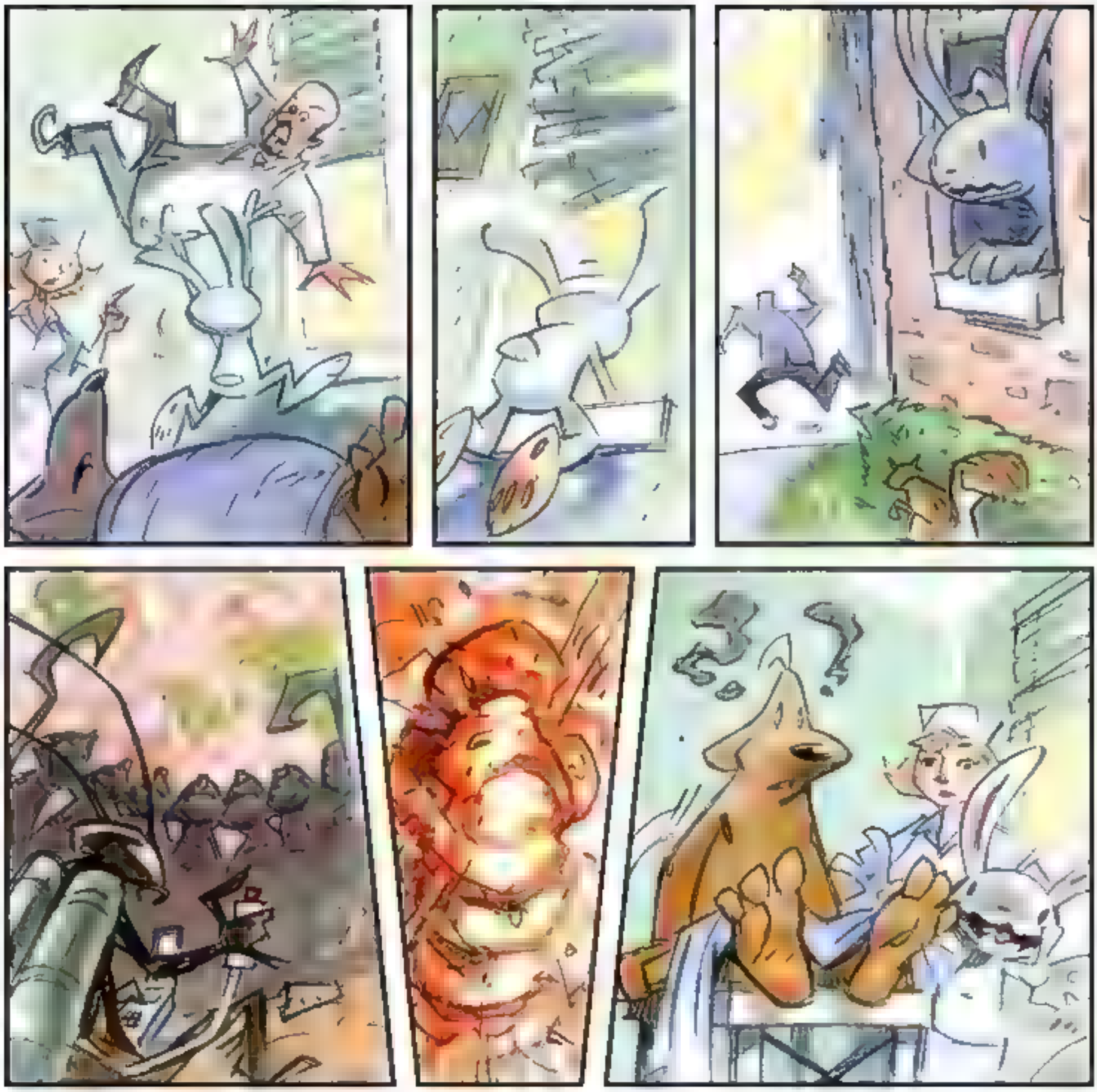


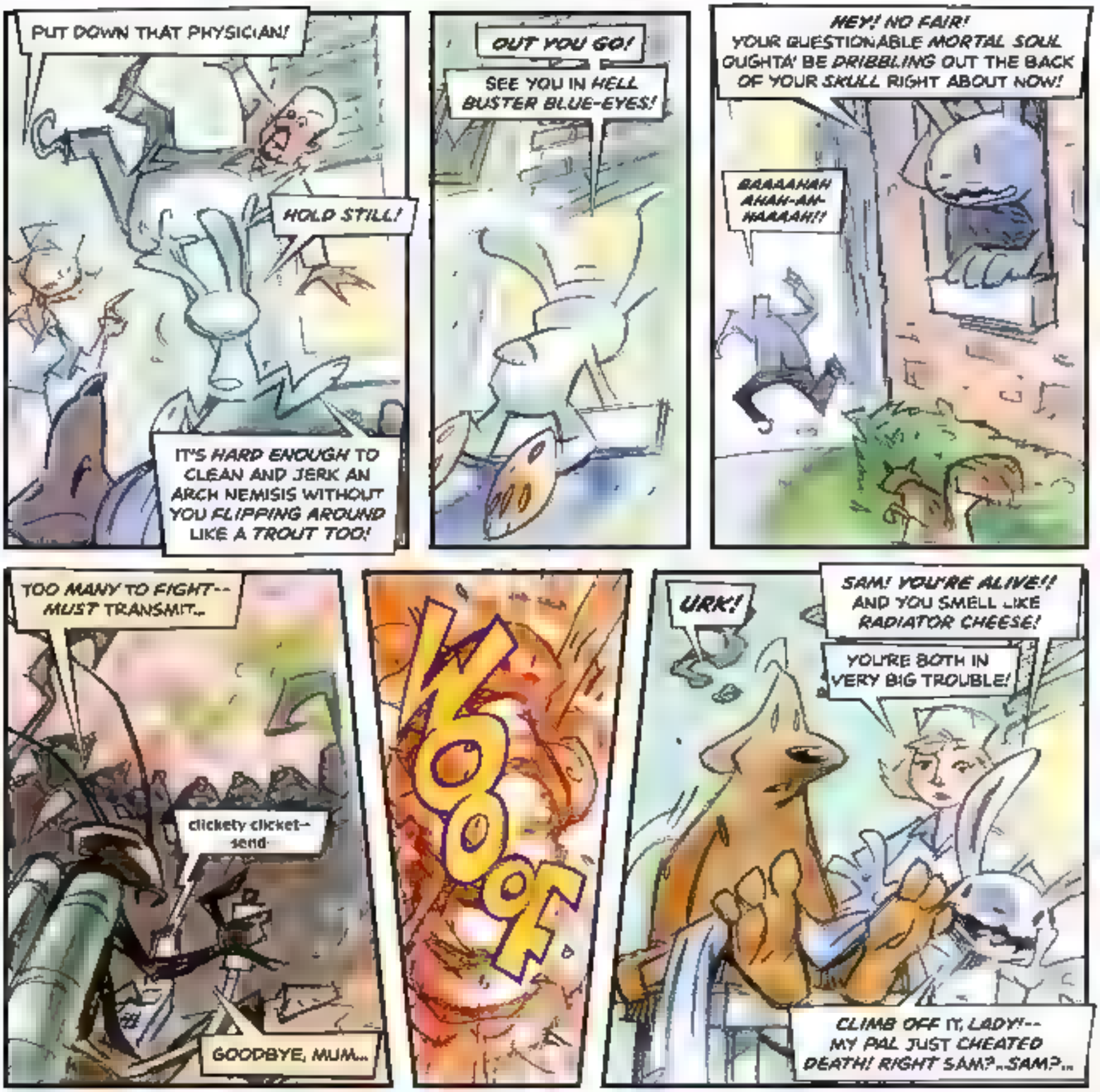

MAX, THE LIL BARWIG GAL LEFT NOTHING BUT A TINY CEL PHONE AND A CIGARETTE BUTT WITH LIPSTICK ON IT.
HER PHONE - STILL WARM. IF WE WERE TO DIAL THE LAST NUMBER SHE CALLED I THINK WE COULD — UHHMM, UMM--
THERE'S NOTHING HOTTER THAN PINK, GLOSSY MANDIBLES!
FOR GODSAKE! COUGH IT UP BIG GUY!
DO YOU HEAR THE WHISPERING GADFLIES? - GRANDMA? IS THAT YO - OOOHHG!
THIS HAS GOT TO STOP!
FLOOMP
HEY DOC, I'D LIKE A RIDE ON THAT WHEN HE'S DONE.
THIS SPARKLY CHUNK OF EXPENSIVE KITCHENWARE WILL PROVIDE US A ROADMAP INTO HIS DAMAGED BRAIN. ALL YOU CAN DO NOW IS PRAY!
KTUNKTUNK!
UMM, I PRAY SAM'S FLIMSY SHEET DOESN'T BLOW OFF.
IF I WERE TO GLIMPSE HIS HIDEOUS JUNK I'D HAVE TO BLOINK MY TORTURED EYEBALLS OUT WITH A SOUP SPOON.
SO WHAT'S THE GOOD NEWS, HAIRLESS?
A GROWTH, SOMETHING LODGED AT THE MEDIAL MORAINE OF THE "RONGBUK" AMYGDALA.
ARE YOU REALLY A DOCTOR?
LOOK, CLOSELY AND TRY NOT TO SCREAM. IT'S... A CLUTCH OF LIVING EGGS.


A DOSE OF ETHELYNE GLYCOL WILL EASE YOUR FRIEND'S SUFFERING FOR NOW.
THANK YOU DR. GRADY. I'M NOT JUST BLOWING HOT WIND UP YOUR SKIRT WHEN I SAY, ...YOU'RE A SAINT.
HMM. I DON'T TRUST THAT EARWIG CHICK. IF I REDIAL HER TINY PHONE...
WHAT?!
-YOU!
DON'T INTERFERE! HIS WARM, THROBBING BRAIN IS AN INCUBATOR FOR THOSE PRECIOUS LEGIONS!
YOU SICK PIECE OF - - HUH?
OH THANK GOD! IT'S ROYAL COCKROACH NEUROSURGEON SIR KENNETH BLATTODEA!
IICCIOICCC *
* KEEP HIM OFF! I'M GOING IN!
OOOF!
((IICC I)) *
* FEAR NOT, SWEET PRINCE. YOUR DELIVERER HAS ARRIVED!

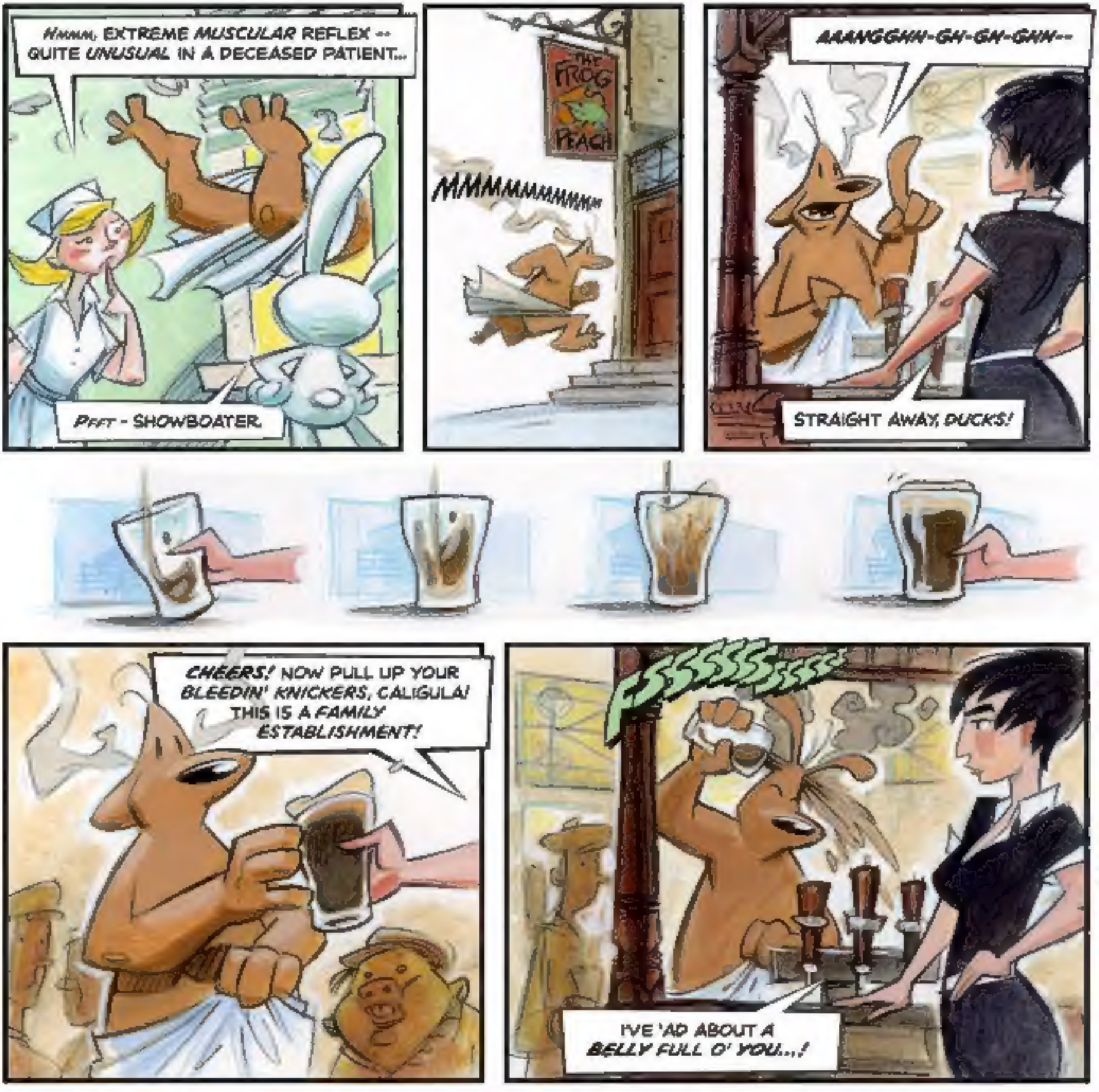
[illegible] *
* FOLLOWING THE EUSTACHIAN TUBE TO THE MEDULLA OBLONGATA.
* MEMORY SYNAPSES FIRING VIGOROUSLY BUT LORD I WISH I HADN'T WITNESSED THAT SUMMER CAMP SWIRLY EPISODE.
* GASP! - THIS RITUAL, I'VE SEEN THIS BEFORE. BUT THE EGGS,... THOSE ARE NOT EARWIG EGGS,..THEY'RE,... OH MY GOD, THEY'RE —
* UNNGKKKK!!
I'VE BEEN GOING EASY ON YOU CAUSE YOU'RE AN OLD BUGGER DOC —
BUT THAT'S ALL ABOUT TO CHANGE!
!

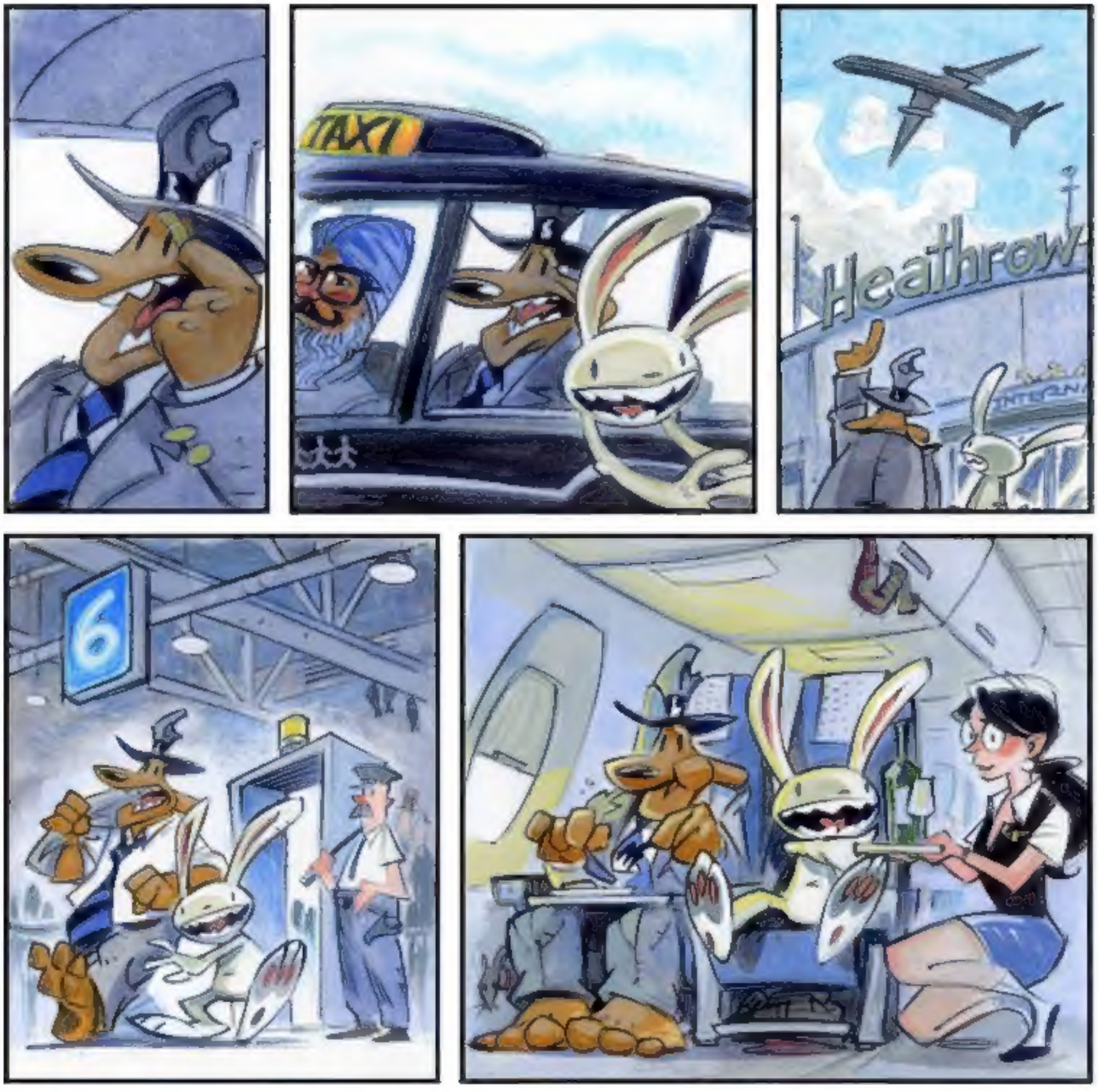
UNNGH! WHO ARE YOU?--
-- WHO DO YOU WORK FOR?
YAND, WHERE THE DEVIL DID YOU PURCHASE THAT RIDICULOUS HAT?
OOHNK
SSHHLEEENK KAAAHH HHAAKHAAK!
MMMM! -- COCOA BUTTER SUNSCREEN!
OH GOD NO! PLEEEASE! I...I THINK I HEARD SOMETHING... "POP"!
JUST MOMENTS LEFT - THEY'LL BE EVERYWHERE! GOD, I HATE BUGS.
THIS PROCEDURE IS A BIT UNORTHODOX! YOU'LL FEEL A SLIGHT STINGING SENSATION FOLLOWED BY A CAJUN-STYLE BLACKENING OF THE EXOSKELETON! ENJOY!
RZZZZZZZZ
PERHAPS YOU'LL THINK TWICE BEFORE HATCHING A HOSTILE COLONY IN MY DEAR FRIEND'S SWEATY LITTLE BRAIN! GAAARR!

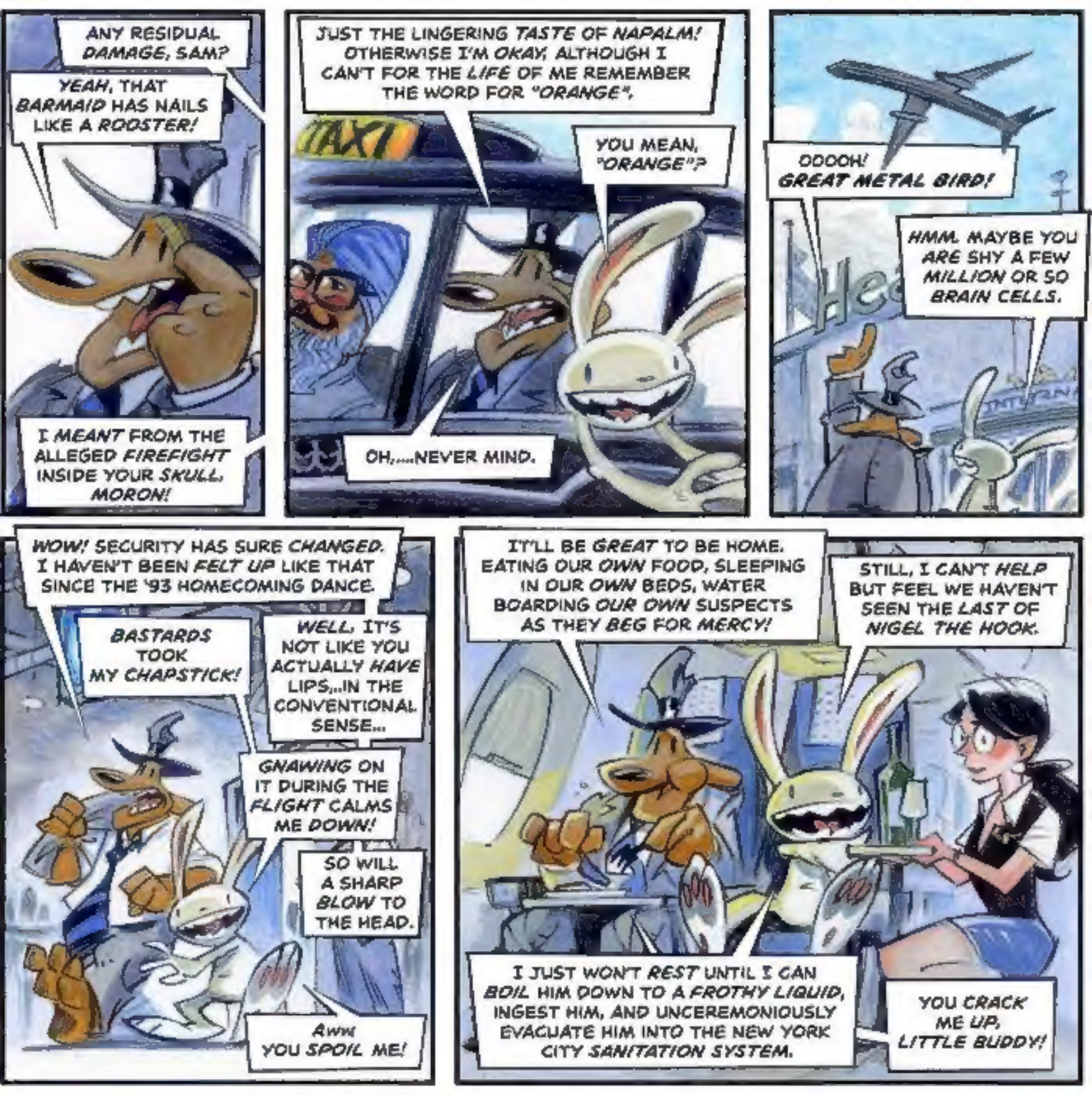



PUT DOWN THAT PHYSICIAN!
HOLD STILL!
IT'S HARD ENOUGH TO CLEAN AND JERK AN ARCH NEMISIS WITHOUT YOU FLIPPING AROUND LIKE A TROUT TOO!
OUT YOU GO!
SEE YOU IN HELL BUSTER BLUE-EYES!
HEY! NO FAIR! YOUR QUESTIONABLE MORTAL SOUL OUGHTA' BE DRIBBLING OUT THE BACK OF YOUR SKULL RIGHT ABOUT NOW!
BAAAAHAH AHAH-AH-HAAAAH!!
TOO MANY TO FIGHT-- MUST TRANSMIT...
clickety clicket-- send
GOODBYE, MUM...
WOOF
URK!
SAM! YOU'RE ALIVE!! AND YOU SMELL LIKE RADIATOR CHEESE!
YOU'RE BOTH IN VERY BIG TROUBLE!
CLIMB OFF IT, LADY!-- MY PAL JUST CHEATED DEATH! RIGHT SAM?..SAM?..

THE FROG PEACH


Hmmm, EXTREME MUSCULAR REFLEX -- QUITE UNUSUAL IN A DECEASED PATIENT...
PFFT - SHOWBOATER.
THE FROG & PEACH
MMMMMMMMMM
AAANGGHH-GH-GH-GHH--
STRAIGHT AWAY, DUCKS!
CHEERS! NOW PULL UP YOUR BLEEDIN' KNICKERS, CALIGULA! THIS IS A FAMILY ESTABLISHMENT!
FSSSSSSSSSS
I'VE 'AD ABOUT A BELLY FULL O' YOU...!


TAXI
Heathrow
6


ANY RESIDUAL DAMAGE, SAM?
YEAH, THAT BARMAID HAS NAILS LIKE A ROOSTER!
I MEANT FROM THE ALLEGED FIREFIGHT INSIDE YOUR SKULL, MORON!
JUST THE LINGERING TASTE OF NAPALM! OTHERWISE I'M OKAY, ALTHOUGH I CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME REMEMBER THE WORD FOR "ORANGE".
TAXI
YOU MEAN, "ORANGE"?
OH,....NEVER MIND.
OOOOH! GREAT METAL BIRD!
HMM. MAYBE YOU ARE SHY A FEW MILLION OR SO BRAIN CELLS.
WOW! SECURITY HAS SURE CHANGED. I HAVEN'T BEEN FELT UP LIKE THAT SINCE THE '93 HOMECOMING DANCE.
BASTARDS TOOK MY CHAPSTICK!
WELL, IT'S NOT LIKE YOU ACTUALLY HAVE LIPS,..IN THE CONVENTIONAL SENSE...
GNAWING ON IT DURING THE FLIGHT CALMS ME DOWN!
SO WILL A SHARP BLOW TO THE HEAD.
AWW YOU SPOIL ME!
IT'LL BE GREAT TO BE HOME. EATING OUR OWN FOOD, SLEEPING IN OUR OWN BEDS, WATER BOARDING OUR OWN SUSPECTS AS THEY BEG FOR MERCY!
STILL, I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF NIGEL THE HOOK.
I JUST WON'T REST UNTIL I CAN BOIL HIM DOWN TO A FROTHY LIQUID, INGEST HIM, AND UNCEREMONIOUSLY EVACUATE HIM INTO THE NEW YORK CITY SANITATION SYSTEM.
YOU CRACK ME UP, LITTLE BUDDY!